THE COMMONWEAL

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THE DISUNITED STATES

DR. GLENN FRANK, editorial-writing president of the University of Wisconsin, has always been a master of sharp and vividly phrased contrasts. He outdid himself recently in an address to assembled Kiwanians by asserting that one great dramatic conflict is tearing the United States asunder. "There are two Americas within our borders—an America that takes its cue from the city and an America that takes its cue from the country," he asserted, holding that the first has steadily pressed the second back. "The man from the boulevard and the man of the furrow are fighting for the control of the American future. The trail of these antagonistic Americas can be followed in the national assemblies of our churches, where liberalism fights literalism, and in the national conventions of our political parties where, by and large, city men stick with city men, and country men stick with country men, despite the powerful demand for party regularity."

The conclusions which may be drawn from this antithesis are large and interesting. We must effect "social readjustment between the dying and the dawning of a social order." Farmers in particular have been indifferent to this necessary readjustment. "The agricultural part of America must organize as the rest of American enterprise is organizing or the farmer will be lost in the shuffle," said Dr. Frank. "He cannot depend permanently upon being subsidized or nursed by state or federal governments." Whether or not the rural districts can succeed in perfecting coöperative organization is, the speaker held, a matter of general social concern. The world inside which individual economic or political units coalesce must not be divided against itself if all wish to maintain "a permanently and progressively great existence."

Few will deny that the conflict between city and country here outlined exists. It presents itself under so many guises that it may occasionally be mistaken for something else, but a little probing will unmask its real character. Nevertheless one thinks that neither it nor its consequences should be unduly simplified. That the urban mind is always on one side of a question and agricultural opinion on the other happens not to be true. Take, for instance, the matter of organization. It is true that corporate industry is much more competently engineered than farming is. But why should a man who plants 200 acres of wheat and milks a small herd of cows be likened to the United States

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Steel Corporation? He should be compared rather with the man he tends to become when he leaves the plow and moves to town—the tradesman, the mechanic, the professional worker. Thus visualized, the farmer is really not less well organized than his urban equal; and although he is, under present conditions, hardly so likely to find an opportunity to improve his lot as the city-worker, he is also far more secure against periods of depression and unemployment. Labor of almost all kinds is poorly unified in the United States, a few trades constituting fortunate exceptions to the general rule. The industrial worker has, however, one advantage: the giant enterprises which pay his wage are as a whole far better able to control production and capitalization than is agriculture as a whole. Farm relief depends upon rationalization of produce distribution—a matter as unthinkable apart from government aid as the rise of American railroads or manufacturing enterprise is unthinkable apart from government aid. Meanwhile the individual farmer ought, one believes, to try to join with his fellows in something far more like a labor union than like a board of directors.

Other alleged conflicts might be disposed of similarly. One doubts very much that "literalism" abounds in the country while "liberalism" flourishes like an elm in Central Park. As a matter of fact, there are probably just as many "literalists" in great cities as in the Bible belt. "Liberalism"—we understand Dr. Frank to mean by this word anticlanism of all sorts rather than sophisticated emancipation—merely assumes different forms in some metropolitan areas than it clings to in certain farming states. It is true that when the talented country boy goes to Boston or New York, as he so frequently does, he usually sloughs off a great deal of his provincialism without putting on the brand popular in the city. But we too frequently ignore the thousands of excellent citizens who dwell on farms or in small towns and attain to a reasonable attitude toward life and their fellowmen which the harried city-dweller can only envy as he watches the newspapers which myriads of his fellow subwayites peruse or studies the ideas they applaud.

The deeper conflict we are witnessing is, it seems, less a struggle between town and country (though this is very real and important) than a struggle between ideals sponsored in behalf of American civilization and the ideals which actually govern the American laboring masses. The philosophy which the successful group among our citizenry has virtually accepted differs in no great degree from the doctrine by which Europe swore prior to the war. It is a philosophy which steadily tends to become less conservative in some respects (spiritual, moral) and more conservative in others (material, social). The outlook of American labor, whether urban or rural, may fairly be said to move in the opposite direction. But it is not unified and seldom articulate. Divided by racial, religious, social, political and educational lines, it is the great American enigma. If on the one hand the prejudices which it harbors engender hysteria and ill-will, the strong and healthy conservatism of its living is the chief reason why the moral and social record of the nation, in an era of spiritual unsettlement, is so strikingly characterized by steadfastness and integrity.

WEEK BY WEEK

MANY a cask of foamy brew was emptied by long-suffering Rhinelanders in honor of an event for which they have prayed hard and unceasingly. General Guillaumat led the remnants of a once mighty French garrison over the border, the dream of Stresemann came true, and virtually the last physical vestiges of wartime bitterness disappeared. All Germany rose like a congregation, thrilled by a sign that freedom had come once again even as it had followed upon the retreat of Napoleon. There can be no doubt that the occupation, justified in several respects, was daily becoming a more and more serious blunder. Perhaps nothing ever did greater damage to French prestige than the behavior of African troops quartered in Rhenish towns; and the bizarre attempts to promote separatism in which some of the Parisian politicians indulged were futile and infuriating. Of still greater importance, however, was the fact that the occupation, a symbol of bondage and a source of social and economic annoyance, blocked almost every move to restore amity between the Reich and the République. So deeply is the event appreciated that not a few observers predict that June 30, the day of the evacuation, will become the German national holiday. It is the first real festival east of the Rhine since the war began, and the memory of it is bound to last during several generations.

Rhineland Makes Merry

NEVERTHELESS one thinks the action is as real a tribute to the French as any of their martial victories. In 1919 they marched across the proud stream, embittered by the losses and sorrows of four years and determined to lame the power of their formidable rival. Dreams of adding these fair regions to the patrimony of France stirred in many hearts and sanctioned an interpretation of history more patriotic than practical. At any rate the treaty had given them the right to remain until 1935, to supervise Germany's fulfilment of its obligations and to forestall possible new martial endeavors. But as years went on they saw that Rhenish separatism was a hollow shell, and that their foe was manly, indeed, though beaten. The attitude of the occupation armies changed profoundly, and the will of the people of France moved even more speedily. Briand became the spokesman of pacification and conciliation. Public opinion staunchly upheld the principle that continued military domination of the continent was neither possible nor practicable, and that the "will to rebuild" so strong in all peoples must be accepted as

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a pledge of the future. That this program should have aroused fears and stirred doubts in many minds is quite natural. History merely records the fact that France has triumphed over such things.

Mercy Murders Once More

A RATHER startling paper appears in Plain Talk under the title, Why Permit the Hopelessly Sick to Live? It is not, of course, startling by reason of its novelty. Euthanasia is one of the most venerable sophistries in the history of human thought. It is the incidental information conveyed by the paper which is remarkable. It appears that a number of doctors throughout the country have been canvassed on the subject quite seriously, and that about half of them advocate the practice. If this proportion is even half right for doctors as a whole, the matter is no longer merely academic. If 25 percent or even 12½ percent of our practising physicians believe they are justified in allowing deficient children to die at birth, or in giving suffering incurables a deadly overdose of drugs, that is no longer a theory which the rightminded among us can refute, but a fact from which any of us might suffer. Meanwhile, the mere childishness of "mercy murder" prompts a kind of wonder at the compassionate and shortsighted men who can advocate it. Not only is absolute morality against it. Human wisdom is against it as well. Any adult intelligence should know that you cannot solve insoluble tragedy by neatly killing off the sufferer. Individually and in the mass, we pay our heaviest bills, in the end, for these seemingly easy solutions. Specifically, how can any doctor miss the fact that that dedication which is the pride and the crown of his profession depends directly upon the dogma of the sacredness of human life?

Catholic Education

JUDGING from reports, the recent annual meeting of the Catholic Educational Association concerned itself largely with elementary school problems and opportunities. Many speakers emphasized anew the moral value of religious teaching in an age characterized by the triumph of disruptive influences. At least one address contained not a little dynamite, making as it did the claim that America's chief educational difficulty "arises because the industrial-commercial system has itself an ideal of life which it tries to impress upon the schools" and which is hostile to traditional aspirations of culture and religion. There were many interesting practical suggestions, among them Father George Johnson's plea for a larger number of priests to give instruction in the Faith and Father Paul Furfey's advocacy of recreational activities. We liked best of all Monsignor Macelwane's outspoken condemnation of the practice of exacting forced public apologies from children. This antediluvian form of torture is not merely bad pedagogy but exceedingly bad morals. All in all the records of this meeting are of very great interest to educators and to parents. They show that the Catholic teaching system, vast and maintained at a heavy cost of personnel and money, is well engineered and radiant with vitality. More than 1,500 delegates attended, many of them going to New Orleans from remote parts of the country.

Measuring Intelligences

WHETHER pedagogical science has invented scales equipped to measure intelligence is a question we should not ourselves presume to decide. It is certainly significant, however, that Dr. Charles M. Stebbins, a highly respected member of the Brooklyn high school faculty, has boldly answered in the negative on the basis of experience. "There is no such thing as an intelligence test," he declared, "because it is impossible by any mechanical process to determine the mental status of pupils." The resultant divisions of children into supernormal and subnormal groups has (in his opinion) fostered worse mental diseases than the educators had set out to cure. Obviously this critique seems to the point. In so far as intelligence tests are mechanical, they can measure only those activities of the personality which are relatively *mechanical—the acuteness of sense perception, the* alacrity of response and similar matters. Perhaps a more complete psychology could do a better job of measuring. The difficulty is that the process would necessarily be long and arduous. In fact, life itself appears to be too short a period for the examination. Admittedly, however, wise and painstaking educators might diagnose the intellectual equipment of a youngster hopefully if they regarded him as a person and made due allowance for purely spiritual factors. Why are there no books so good from this point of view as spiritual directors have written for the treatment of souls? You will look in vain for educational literature comparable with what the confessor can read anent either lax or scrupulous penitents.

The First Catholic Daily

IN THE reporter's story of the bishop who advanced to the pulpit "an acolyte swinging from each shoulder" is *more than humor; there is exemplified* the indifference and the inaccuracy which so frequently characterizes the press when it deals with Catholic activities and the Catholic attitude. Many have raised their voices against such conditions. Some have brought influence to bear on owners and editors; others have written complaints; only a few have recognized the need of Catholic newspapers edited from the *Catholic standpoint. Of these the late Nicholas Gon*ner and his brother, Mr. John P. Gonner, not only saw the vision but translated it into reality. The Catholic Daily Tribune, of Dubuque, Iowa, is their answer to those who admitted the need of such an enterprise but doubted the possibility of the success. This month the Tribune, the first and only Catholic daily in America, is celebrating its tenth anniversary. More important possibly than the long list of its accomplishments—the publication of the first complete

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texts of papal encyclicals, of public deliberations of the American hierarchy and available pastoral letters, of exhaustive details of the Mexican and Russian church persecutions; the elimination of scandalous and sensational items from news accounts; its attention to all phases of Catholic lay and clerical activities—is the mere fact of its successful progress. It exists as a pioneer and an example. A chain of Catholic dailies, of similar character, which would reach Catholics in every corner of the land would be of great value to the Church. The Tribune has merited well. We all felicitate its staff and hope for its uninterrupted success.

What's Wrong with Poetry?

CONTEMPORARY poets have, perhaps, been more ignored than diagnosed. We find a remarkable attempt to do the second in a kindly and incisive little book by Charles Williams, soon to be noticed in these columns. "It has been said, and not wholly unjustly, that the younger contemporary poets have only one fault—dullness," he remarks. "Observation, dexterity, feeling, they have, but between their experience and their expression the interest has slipped away. They tell us of their imaginations and we do not care to know; they are sincere, but their sincerity is of no importance, or they are insincere and we are not excited enough to protest. The English muse has known times of mediocrity before now, but this is a mediocrity of a different kind. These modern poems do not come from a corrupt following of some dying school; they have not lost originality or grace or charm or knowledge. They are good poems, they are all but poetry, yet the final felicity is somehow withheld. Sometimes it seems as if this were due to a lack of poetic intellect; the epigram in a line or a couplet which is so characteristic of all the greater and many of the lesser poets is almost wholly absent. These poets have as much of our ordinary working-day brains as the rest of us; their meditations are as subtle, their philosophies no less, but no more, surely based—they remark what we do and turn it into rhythm. But the faculty of compressing such meaning into a phrase is denied to them. We have to cover as much ground in their verse as in our own thoughts, and consequently we tire as soon."

Revolution in Barnegat

IF THE personage who used to be referred to as Dame Nature is still about, we should like to see her face when she reads of the hens of Barnegat. She must be used, by now, to having her metes and bounds transcended: Burbank alone gave her such a set of stinging reminders of things she forgot to do, that she has probably never really recovered from her chagrin. Yet the New Jersey poulterer, it seems to us, takes a different and more deadly liberty with her. Increasing one's egg crop by turning the radio upon one's unsuspecting hens is not the same sort of thing as crossfertilizing flora or fauna. Crossfertilization is, after all, only a new combination of factors already there. The improvement that follows it is implicit in the original species. But the 15 percent increase in the number of eggs laid in Barnegat can only be implicit in the music: and not even the most determined determinist will believe that music is merely a material force devised by Dame Nature from the beginning as at least potentially related to the production of more eggs. No. An imponderable has been introduced into her calculations. A breach has been made in her immutable laws by the esthetic and the psychological. We don't know what she will do about it, but if the radio companies fail to seize the advertising opportunity, they are duller than we think.

Piercing the Darkness

THERE has just been concluded, at the Cenacle of Saint Regis in this city, an event which matches, in power of inspiration, almost anything else that contemporary records, in or out of convents, can show. It is the annual retreat for the blind conducted by the Cenacle Saint Raphael's Guild. Both because of the tragic need which it so beautifully serves, and because of the religious devotion and lay charity which are combined to render that service, it is a kind of model of what the grace of giving can be. The religious of the Cenacle are known throughout the country for their share in the promotion of the general retreat movement among women. It is not too much to say, however, that for the last fifteen years their first enthusiasm and their choicest zeal have gone to studying the spiritual needs of the sightless, and the technique of approach which will give this period of withdrawal its maximum of help and consolation for them. For practically all of these fifteen years, also, the whole material cost of the work has been borne by a New York laywoman who has dedicated her fortune to numberless (and where it is possible, anonymous) works of mercy.

THE retreatants, a mere handful in the beginning, now number perhaps a hundred. They range from young girls to decrepit old women, and about half of them come from institutions. The complicated and exacting external detail of a three-day retreat held under these circumstances gives, to the outsider, one measure of the devotion behind it. Cars must be sent, volunteers must bring in individual retreatants. In the unfamiliar surroundings of the Cenacle, most of the waking moments of the guests must be guided. Each communicant is attended to the altar at Mass, and in the concluding procession through the Cenacle grounds—the real climax of the occasion, for it has been triumphantly discovered that the blind love to march and sing—each marcher has her own guide also. To these services must be added the real work of the retreat, the readings and consultations which are an indispensable accessory to the chapel conferences (memorably fine this year under the Reverend Charles F. Connor, S.J.) and which necessarily devolve upon the religious. It is no wonder, then, that in spite of

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the lay volunteers who never fail, the whole community simply suspends its other activities. For three days it gives itself solely to making this spiritual holiday of the blind as joyful and perfect as possible. That it is blessed, and the patroness who makes the work possible is blessed, a hundredfold, cannot be doubted.

ONE OF BRITAIN'S CHILDREN

THOSE who have tried to study the Simon Report with some impartiality may not agree with President Nicholas Murray Butler that it is "broadminded, constructive and liberal," but will surely admit that the commissioners have based an impressive argument upon vast quantities of unimpeachable evidence. The first volume of the Report is, indeed, an indispensable summary of the facts about India. Here are many truths far too frequently ignored: the extraordinary diversity of religions, races, castes and languages; the predominance of primitive agricultural pursuits, three-fourths of the population working plots of ground which average five acres in extent and dwelling in villages most of which know nothing of railroads or macadamized highways; the tendency among landless Indians to congregate in industrial towns, where one room normally houses four or five persons; and the ravages of the caste tradition, which has established more than 2,000 separate Hindu groups. Add to this the complexities of the existing administrative system, and you have a country in which simple political panaceas look more than usually like nostrums.

One is sorry that all these things are true. But true they are, not merely because they have been written into the Simon Report but because they have long since been vouched for, at least in large measure, by those great students of India who could be accused neither of affection for Great Britain nor of humanitarian romanticism. But what can be done? The commissioners outlined, in their second volume, a greatly detailed method of reform by which it is hoped that preparation for self-government may be achieved. India is held to be too vast for one government to rule. Provincial legislatures and executives, dependent upon a more widely distributed popular vote than has obtained hitherto, will (so it is planned) function in a federality of provinces unified by a central legislature and governor. Burma is seen as a properly independent nation. Certain rights are reserved for the executive power, most of them extraordinary and having to do with the use of the territorial army both for the suppression of disorder and the defense of the northwest border.

In some respects this program seems more astute than generous. There is little doubt that if it could be put into effect Gandhi's nationalism would become scarcely more than a provincial political ideal with social implications. But it is also true that, in a country like India, self-government is far more practicable on a small than on a large scale. Even in the United States, we need to remember, education in the life of democracy was first received in a relatively small nation very conscious of local problems and opportunities. All speculation about the future of the Simon Report is, however, rather pointless. Nobody knows whether it will prove acceptable to the British themselves. And in so far as India is concerned, the important question now is the outcome of the struggle between the government and the resurgent nationalists.

This battle, now raging throughout the Orient, is the most engrossing conflict of our time and may safely be termed a ferment of the greatest significance for the future. Three factors have been isolated as causes. The first has been called a shift of consciousness—a profound change of mind—whereby the eastern peoples, accustomed to concede the superiority of the westerner, have now come to claim equality for themselves. To some extent this movement is a plea for elemental human rights, too frequently spurned by the invading imperialist. But it is also based upon the rise of Japan to a power fully rivaling that of European nations and able to wrestle skilfully with industrial problems, and upon the Orient's contact with the West through travel and education. The rise of Soviet Russia, the second factor, has served to foster the militant spirit among nationalistic extremists throughout Asia. It is, of course, easy to overestimate the influence of Moscow on peoples inured to tradition and securely walled in by religious beliefs and family, or caste, divisions; but the propagandists schooled in the famous "University of the Orient" are by no means negligible.

The third and possibly the most important factor of all was the war. In order to preserve peace in the dominions and to facilitate the enlistment of native troops, Great Britain held out promises accepted quite generally at their face value. Thus the declaration made in the House of Commons on August 20, 1917, by Mr. Montague stated that "the policy of His Majesty's government" was "the increasing association of Indians in every branch of the administration, and for the gradual development of self-governing institutions, with a view to the progressive realization of responsible government in British India as an integral part of the Empire." This declaration was solemnly reiterated in 1919 and is endorsed by the Simon Report. India and the rest of the world correctly feels that such assurances ought to be transferred to practice as speedily as possible. It is a pleasure to see this feeling reflected in the radio address which Sir John Simon delivered: "We Britishers should never forget that it is the teachings of our own political philosophy, the spread of a knowledge of our own literature, and the deliberate declarations of our own statesmen which have developed the powerful forces in India which go by the name of the Nationalist movement. It would be a still finer achievement to contribute our own experience and our own constructive statesmanship to the progress of India."

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Places and Persons

SPRING FESTIVAL IN MEXICO

By DOROTHY DAY

LAST Friday was the Friday of Sorrows, the day of the sorrows of the Blessed Virgin, and, though in the churches at the solemn high Masses celebrated, the people hid their faces in their rebozos and serapes and wept, in the early morning the day was celebrated as one of the most colorful fiestas of the year. Later, of course, there would be joy and happiness too.

The government, regarding the will of the people, makes holidays of these holy days. The period from the Friday of Sorrows through Easter is called the Spring Festival, and advertised in the newspapers and on billboards about the town as such. But the government does not succeed in making people disregard the religious significance of the days. The churches are full.

The fiesta begins at five in the morning at Santa Anita on the Viga Canal which goes from Xochimilco Lake into the city. Every morning boats bring into Mexico City vegetables and flowers, but this day booths were erected in the fields all along the canal for several miles, merry-go-rounds, dancing pavilions, ferris wheels and open air restaurants were set up, and business began at five.

It was very cold as we left our apartment in the city and drove out to Santa Anita, which is only a mile or so away from the centre of town. The city streets were deserted and we thought that no one was up yet. But when we got to Santa Anita there were literally thousands and thousands of people from the city, and the cobbled streets of the little puebla were so jammed with cars and trucks of people that it was impossible to move any further in the cab, so we got out to walk. As everyone else did, we bought wreaths of flowers and garlands to hang around our necks, made of gladiola blossoms of delicious colors. Then we sat down at a wayside restaurant for a breakfast of tamales, pancakes and coffee. The pancakes were impossible but the tamales were delicious and there were sweet ones for Teresa, so that her breakfast was just as good as though she had had sensible corn meal mush. Everyone else was eating mole (which is stewed turkey in a heavy spiced sauce), tamales made with chicken and chile, enchilades, tortillas, salads and beer. There was much dancing and riding on merry-go-rounds and ferris wheels—this at six o'clock in the morning!

One of the customs of the fiesta is to buy eggs that have been emptied, colored, filled with water and covered with heavy gilt paper pasted over the top, and to crash these on your companion's heads. The eggs are thrown, too, like confetti. Another thing everyone buys is a little wooden boat with a wax man and woman in national costume, surrounded by beautifully colored wax vegetables—the cabbages, cauliflowers, squashes, radishes and lettuce, very large in proportion to the figures. The radishes here are both small and large, the latter over a foot long and several inches thick. The men selling the little wooden boats, which are mounted on a stick, have them all stuck in one large radish and the effect is very gay. Everyone was carrying bunches of small radishes with their bouquets of flowers, and eating them as they walked along.

People of every class attend this fiesta at Santa Anita. There were the Indians from the surrounding pueblas, sitting along the canal and selling their wares, middle-class Mexican families with their many children, charros on horseback, women with poblana dresses glittering with sequins, and many soldiers and officers with their girls. The richer (I do not like to say the better) class remained in their closed cars and looked out upon the scene.

One has a peculiar dissipated feeling after an early morning fiesta of this sort. Gaiety is more natural to us Anglo-Saxons in the evening. So it was with the proper subdued feeling that I assisted at the ten o'clock Mass in honor of Our Lady of Sorrows. The church was packed, so crowded that people were sitting on the foot of the altar rail, on every inch of the floor and on the steps of all the other altars around the church. I sat on the Gospel side of the altar of San Antonio, just where the feet of the priest had worn the carpet thin. Babies who were not yet able to crawl and were in no danger of rolling down the steps, were laid at the foot of the altar to kick blissfully throughout the long service.

That afternoon, Soledad, Teresa and I went to the country for the rest of the holiday. My little stone house in Xochimilco has a thatched roof, and geraniums, roses and cactus grow over the walls which bound my ten acres on two sides. On the other two sides there is the lagoon, where my funny flat-bottomed boat is tied to the bank. There is only one door and one window in the house so that it is dusky and cool and I must write outside with my typewriter propped up on a stone wall where melons and squashes are ripening in the sun.

We have finished our morning's work, or rather we have finished what we were allowed to do. As Soledad has an unfortunate habit of dropping half the dishes to the bottom of the lagoon, or breaking them by scrubbing them too vigorously, I wash the dishes while she cleans house. In the midst of it, Senora Torres, my landlady, came and took the escobeta out of my

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hand and refused to allow me to continue. "My pleasure," she kept insisting. It was my pleasure too, but she could not understand that. People hereabouts think it most scandalous that a stranger should do her own work. If she can afford to pay ten dollars a month for a house (three times what they consider it to be worth) and two fifty for a boat, surely she should have enough servants to do her work for her. So Senora Torres, who comes at seven every morning with the milk and eggs, sweeps out the patio, picks a bowl of flowers for me and insists on helping unless I hide the dishes until after she goes. When they are washed—they are of Mexican wear, the color of terra cotta, but shiny—they are hung on the outside wall of the house in the sun. Most people do their cooking, too, over a tin charcoal stove, but we are more luxurious and have an oil stove.

On our way to the plaza to do the day's marketing there is a little chapel of Santa Crucita, another of San Christobel and then the big parish church facing the market. We usually stop there for a moment and I watch with enjoyment Soledad's endeavor to teach Teresa to cross herself in the Mexican way. Here the large sign of the cross is made first, then traced on the forehead, the mouth and the breast, and then the large sign of the cross again. Sometimes this is repeated three times in honor of the Blessed Trinity, or of Jesus, Mary and Joseph. It looks, at first, a long and complicated process. At the end, one kisses one's hand which has traced the sacred sign. The sign of the cross is the most natural gesture of these people. Religion is part of their life. It is not just of pious people I am writing. It is of the majority, 80 or 90 percent of the people in Mexico.

On Palm Sunday Soledad and I attended Mass at the parish church, which is as large as the church of St. Francis Xavier in New York. It was crowded to suffocation, the Mass was long and wearisome, and worst of all I had left my missal in the city and had only a tiny prayerbook which omitted the Epistle and Gospel of the day. Nevertheless, it was a tremendously uplifting and glorious spectacle, and my eyes were filled with tears often. All the people had palms. Not palms such as we have in New York, but palms braided and plaited and woven into crosses, little altars, long plumes and the semblance of stalks of flowers, and interwoven with flowers of every color and delicious odor. Most of the palms were six feet tall, so the church was like a field of wheat, blossoming with flowers, waving and stirring triumphantly. When the priests went up to the altar, the people raised their palms on high so that one could see only the palms and the dark, gleaming faces of the Mexicans, uplifted like the palms, radiant. It seemed impossible, but the procession was able to pass through the church to the rear, and out the side doors. Then after a long interval, while the organ played, the huge doors, fifteen feet high, opened, letting in a flood of sunlight. At the doors three life-sized figures of Christ, one crowned with thorns, one after His scourging, and one carrying His cross, a grim reminder of what was to come, met the incoming procession. I wondered, as the Mass went on, how these people could celebrate the Resurrection of Christ more gloriously than they did this day of His triumphal entry into Jerusalem.

I wrote the above at ten o'clock this Easter Monday morning and then the church bells began ringing so merrily and the firecrackers in the plaza, which had awakened us at dawn, became so noisy, that I had to venture out to see what the celebration was all about.

We had spent three hours on Good Friday in a sad gloomy church, and Easter Sunday we had attended the high Mass, which as I had expected, was nowhere near as glorious as that of Palm Sunday. And now it was Monday and the cobbled roads and paths across fields to the church were filled with gayly dressed Indians, children in pink and blue satin, the men in white cotton and linen colored blouses. All the seats in the church were taken and we had to find a place for ourselves on the floor as usual. In a few minutes, to gay and joyful music, the three priests came out in their white and gold robes, and showers of blossoms of all kinds began to float down through the church in steadily increasing density. The Mass was being said at the altar of the black Christ, blacker by far than any of the Indians in the congregation. During the Gloria in Excelsis little Indian boys appeared at windows high up above the altars, looking like cherubs painted there, and came to life to hurl down handfuls of roses and poppies which fell softly before the altar. The steady storm of blossoms was coming from five other apertures in the domes of the church.

For once Teresa was perfectly happy to sit through the long service. She got directly beneath the falling blossoms at the back of the church and she and a little Indian boy swept the petals around them into piles and tossed blossoms at each other gleefully. The music was very gay. There were violins, violas and flutes beside the organ, and I strongly suspect grand opera music was being played. Through all the Mass petals of carnations, violets, roses and poppies and shreds of calla lilies came floating through the air, falling on everyone, until the flowers were so heaped up around us, that there was actually a wet sound of falling petals.

Sunday is a day in Xochimilco when every man, woman and child works, the women selling food and flowers, and the men and boys poling picnickers along the lagoons, and I wondered if this were the reason for the lavish celebration of Easter Monday. Coming out after Benediction, I tried to find out, asking in my Mexico City Spanish which is hard for these Indians to understand. One small boy said, "It is the feast of Christo Rey." Another said, "It is the Pascua." And a nice old Indian, who could not understand my questions about the black Christ, told me it was the Monday of Poppies and the feast of the Resurrection too.

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TEN YEARS OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE

By OLIVER McKEE, jr.

Fierce battles of long ago come back to us as the tenth anniversary of feminine suffrage is observed. They seem now to have been useless tempests, the ballot in the hands of women has neither wrought the marvels nor sown the perdition which figured in so much oratory. The following paper summarizes the evidence available about women associated with government in elective or appointive positions. Mr. McKee concludes that "the equal suffrage amendment has created no revolution in American politics," but that women will continue to play an important part.—The Editors.

THE American woman celebrates this year her tenth birthday as a voter. Those who have led her to the enjoyment of her new rights have made much of this anniversary, marking as it does the passing of a decade since the equal suffrage amendment was placed in the Constitution. The anniversary leads naturally to an examination of the changes brought about by woman's advent into politics. More specifically, it may be asked, to what extent have women gone into politics, and what offices have they held? What new elements have they brought into the political equation? In what fields have they been most successful, and where have they failed?

That women have come to occupy a real place in the public life of the country needs no elaborate proof. Since the equal suffrage amendment became effective in August, 1920, they have held many elective and appointive offices. Miss Jeanette Rankin of Montana, who served one term in the House, from 1917 to 1919, was the only woman to serve in the national legislature before the adoption of the Federal Suffrage Amendment. Thirteen women in all have been sent to the Congress of the United States, but only one of the thirteen has sat in the Senate, Mrs. Rebecca Latimer Fulton, appointed by the governor of Georgia to serve just one day, November 21, 1921. Eight women are members of the present, or Seventy-first Congress. Five of them are Republicans and three Democrats, a division which corresponds pretty well to the relative strength in numbers of the two parties in the lower House.

The roster of the federal government reveals a steady increase in the number of important positions held by women. Miss Grace Abbott, chief of the Children's Bureau, has recently been boomed by her friends for a cabinet place to succeed Secretary of Labor James J. Davis, winner in the primary race in Pennsylvania for the Republican senatorial nomination. A few names will suffice to show that the appointing power has fully recognized the fact that women have now entered politics: Jessie Dell, member of the United States Civil Service Commission; Mary Anderson, director of the Women's Bureau; Mrs. Bessie P. Brueggman, chairman of the United States Employees Compensation Commission; Dr. Louise Stanley, chief of the Bureau of Home Economics; Major Julia Stimson, head of the Army Nurse Corps, and the only woman with the rank and insignia of a major in the United States Army; Miss Beatrice Bowman, head of the Navy Nurses Corps; Miss Ruth Shipley, chief of the Passport Division of the Department of State; Mrs. Anna C. M. Tillinghast, commissioner of immigration in Boston; Mrs. Mary Harris, superintendent of the Federal Prison for Women at Alderson, West Virginia; Miss Mary Stuart, assistant director of the Indian Education Service; and Miss Bess Goodykuntz, assistant commissioner in the Bureau of Education. These are some of the women who have held responsible positions in the executive branch of the Government.

Women hold office as collectors of customs and as collectors of internal revenue. Two women have served in the Department of Justice as assistant to the attorney-general: Annette Adams of California served as such during the Wilson administration, and the late President Harding gave a similar appointment to Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt. Officered in the past exclusively by men, the State Department has opened its doors to women, albeit, it would appear, a bit begrudgingly. Half a dozen or so of the sex have been successful in passing the entrance examinations. Miss Lucile Atcherson blazed the trail for her sisters in the diplomatic service eight years ago. Before she resigned from the foreign service to get married she had served in the American legations in Berne and Panama. Several women have held important posts in the foreign service of the Department of Commerce, a service whose main function is to help the American exporter find new markets for his products. And their work has been quite satisfactory.

This is by no means all. Some 149 women hold seats in the legislatures of 38 states. According to a survey made by the League of Women Voters, this represents a gain of 23 over the record established by the legislatures of 1927-28, when 126 women so served. The Republicans are heavily in the majority, 99 as compared with 42 Democrats, the other being classified either as non-partisan or without a party designation. The last election, that of 1928, showed several interesting results. Iowa elected its first woman member of the legislature. Fifteen women were elected as state senators, and twelve were reëlected to their fourth term. These statistics show not only that a woman can be elected, but that she can be reëlected. The six New England states contributed more than one-third of the total number of women legislators. Conservative by tradition and temper, New England

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has apparently been quicker than other sections to follow equal suffrage to its logical conclusion. Connecticut did better than any other state, with twenty women in its legislature in 1929, as compared with fifteen, the year before. Eight states suffered losses, but sixteen others showed gains. The net advance therefore was a real one.

States have not been slow to recognize the new order. Two women, Mrs. Nellie Taylor Ross of Wyoming and Mrs. M. A. Ferguson of Texas, both Democrats, have been elected governors, but no woman has held office so far as lieutenant-governor. Six states have had women secretaries of states. No woman has been made attorney-general, though several have held office as assistants to the attorney-general. They have held offices also as state treasurer, have been given seats in the governor's council, beside holding a varied assortment of other state offices.

Women have made their mark in county governments. Miss Annie Matthews is serving her second term as registrar of New York County at a salary of $12,000 a year, one of the largest drawn by any woman in public life. The office of school superintendent is naturally a popular one with women, for it is one for which they have special qualifications. Fifty out of sixty-three counties in Colorado have women school superintendents. Several states have elected women sheriffs. Many of the smaller cities have chosen women mayors. Seattle is the only large city that has elected a woman mayor, having given that office for one term to Mrs. Bertha K. Landes. Two women have been members of the New York City Board of Aldermen. Mrs. Ruth Pratt, now in Congress, was one of these. Women too have donned the judicial ermine. Florence E. Allen, reëlected in November, 1928, for her second term as a member of the Ohio Supreme Court, is the only representative of her sex serving on a supreme court in the United States, while Genevieve B. Kline, also of Ohio, was appointed in 1928 associate justice of the United States Customs Court. Juvenile and municipal courts have likewise had a number of women judges. A few weeks ago Miss Annabelle Matthews won new honors for her sex by receiving from President Hoover an appointment to the United States Board of Tax Appeals, the "Supreme Court" of tax litigation.

It is in Congress, perhaps, that women come most conspicuously before the public eye. Ruth Hanna McCormick has smashed her way to victory in the Illinois primary, taking the measure of a sitting senator, Deneen, and if she continues her victorious march through November, will be the first of her sex to really earn a seat in the United States Senate. In the House women seem to have thoroughly established themselves; though the number may fluctuate from year to year, it is difficult to envisage a petticoatless Congress at any time in the future. The name or fame of a husband or father has helped several women in the past to a seat in the House. Though some like Mrs. Pratt of New York have come to Washington on their own with no male relative of their family preceding them, of too few perhaps can this be said. Even Mrs. McCormick, though she is making a record for herself on her own, came forward originally as the wife of a late senator and as the daughter of Ohio's most famous political boss. "Nepotism," if we may so call it, is not unknown of course in the ranks of the men, and it is no more fair to criticize a woman for running for Congress because her husband was there ahead of her, than to point a finger at Richard Aldrich of Rhode Island because his father happened to be one of the most famous senators which New England ever sent to Washington.

Women in Congress have yet to win a place in the inner councils of that body. They have still to attain a major chairmanship; even Mrs. Kahn of California, whose great ambition has been to hold the chairmanship of the Military Affairs Committee held by her late husband, has not been able to gratify that ambition. Women may be found on many of the important committees. Mrs. McCormick is on naval affairs; Mrs. Pratt is on banking and currency; Mrs. Rogers is on world war veterans legislation, and so on. Men still monopolize, however, the two most important committees of the House: appropriations, which controls the purse strings of the nations, and ways and means, which controls taxation. Women have so far played but a minor rôle in the affairs of the House.

In the National House of Representatives, and no doubt in other legislative bodies also, her sex confers upon a woman a certain advantage. Even in public life when the bricks are flying thickest, the American man is not without a certain chivalry. His opponent may be only a people's representative, like himself, but she is also a woman. No man can forget that. A congressman does not answer a feminine foe as curtly on the floor or treat her as roughly as he will a male opponent. If the House leaders decide that a measure sponsored by a woman must be defeated, they will administer lethal gas to kill it, rather than call upon the headsman's axe. The result may be the same; but the methods are different. As they move to defeat her bill, men will act as politely toward a woman as the gentleman highwayman who begs his victim's pardon as he takes his bank roll.

Not only does a woman get treated more gently, but her sex gives her another advantage, which she may easily capitalize. Social life in Washington plays a more important part in legislation than one would think. If the lady from Texas sits next to the Secretary of War at dinner, shows she enjoys his jokes, admires the way he runs his department and sympathizes with his problems, that same lady has a distinct advantage on the morrow when she turns up at the War Department to ask its head if he could not recommend another barracks for a Texas army post. Human nature is human nature. A clever woman will be able, in the long run, to get more from the execu-

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tive branch of the government, even perhaps from the President, than any except the most influential leaders in Congress. What is true of Washington may hold true also, in some measure, in other fields of public activity.

Even on the issues where a casual observer might most expect to see a substantial agreement among them, women will divide into two opposing camps. The part that women are playing in the drive to repeal the Eighteenth Amendment is one of the most significant things about the revolt against prohibition. Congresswoman Norton of New Jersey, for example, has been one of the most effective anti-prohibitionists, and there are many others in both political parties. So again with the issues of internationalism, and pacifism and militarism. Her opposition to the World Court proved one of Ruth McCormick's most successful issues, yet nine women out of ten, at first thought, might be supposed to favor our adherence to this tribunal, as a "peace" measure, if for no other reason. Women are active in the pacifist drives launched against Congress, but there are no more valiant friends of national defense, by sea and land, in Congress than among the women members of the House. So all down the line. No formula is at hand for the politician by which he can predict how the women will vote on most issues.

The equal suffrage amendment has created no revolution in American politics. Leaders of both major parties have recognized the fact that equal suffrage has increased the number of voters by one third, or a half, and have given the new voters a place in the councils of the party. The main control, nevertheless, is still in the hands of men. The hustle and scramble of ward politics, long years of humble tutelage before the knees of the boss—the knocks and cudgelings of local campaigns—these provide the training by which so many men rise to political preferment. Arduous training of this sort is ill adapted to the physique and temperament of women. They have shown a special aptitude, however, for certain appointive offices, especially welfare work, such as schools and hospitals. Theirs is an aptitude also for public posts which demand faithful and conscientious service, with an attention to detail. In the field of elective office, where the strain and burden of a hard fought campaign must be borne, women have yet to register more than an occasional triumph.

THE PROTESTANT SUPERSTITION

By FRANCES BOARDMAN

A PRESBYTERIAN by tradition, training and at least nominal identification, my profession, that of newspaper writing, has brought it about that I am something of a specialist in the knowledge of affairs in the local Catholic Church, which is very influential, numerically and otherwise.

This situation had its inception back in the days when Archbishop John Ireland was ruler of the ecclesiastical province, and I was supposed, by virtue of certain family contacts of long standing, to have easier access than the average reporter to His Grace's presence. One thing leads to another around newspaper offices, and before long I found myself reporting all manner of Catholic dedications, consecrations and other programs, as well as interviewing numerous Catholic dignitaries, local and imported. It was a series of duties which reached a climax of significance as well as of hard work when "death came for the Archbishop," and in the tasks attendant upon the installation of his successor, Archbishop Austin Dowling.

The enormous care that must be exercised in handling ecclesiastical technicalities under all such circumstances has naturally called for extensive appeals for help from experts, hence I have a rather wide acquaintance among the clergy and the sisterhoods, and am really at home in many diocesan institutions. In fact, after more than a dozen years of intensive experience, I have come to know the local Church in its many manifestations much as a seasoned dramatic critic knows his theatre. It is for me an inexhaustible source of historic and esthetic interest, and of social speculation. But even as the critic may be wedded to the charm of his special field without any impulse to become an actor, so I have remained outside the communion of the Church of Rome. My respect for its essential greatness has steadily increased through years of observation; its ancient splendors, its vastness and its obvious operability command my amazement and admiration. It still seems to me, though, that certain of its fundamental premises are rather hopelessly at odds with the temper of my mind, and the light by which it moves.

However, as a spectator who, for years, has been in a position to watch both the stage and the audience, I can speak on one matter with knowledge and almost unlimited emphasis: the abysmally dark superstition which colors the average Protestant view of the Catholic Church. It thickens the air like steam emanating from some witch's cauldron in which are seething musty remnants of Inquisitorial legends mixed with the half-remembered clichés of illiterate nursemaids, and the irresponsibly propagated jibes of the schoolroom, the whole permeated with that fear common to all great religious divisions: that their adherents may find some other fold too attractive to resist.

There is nothing particularly novel in the spectacle of human perversity and prejudice, but the case at issue becomes conspicuous in view of the fact that the

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very commonest platitude from across the fence has to do with what are invariably described as the deplorable ignorance and superstition prevailing in the Catholic Church, and the never questioned dictum that these conditions are deliberately fostered for purposes of hierarchical exploitation.

The general tone of these accusations might well lead an innocent bystander to infer that the situation is wholly different with Protestants, that each and every one of them is able to give clearly the reason not only for the faith that is in him, but also its theological, historical and philosophical pedigree—which is, after all, pretty far from the truth.

Very few of the Presbyterian laity, one confidently ventures to assert, could intelligently orient either John Calvin or John Knox; very few could outline the genesis of the Westminster Confession of Faith, or describe how the Longer and Shorter Catechisms came into being. As for the Five Points of Calvinism, those august bulwarks of the traditional faith, they simply fill five of the pigeon-holes in the limbo of forgotten things so far as the rank and file of the church's membership is concerned. I am not arguing the value to spiritual life of a ready knowledge of these things: I am merely meditating in print on the old warning to dwellers in glass houses.

Make it even simpler. Ask the ordinary Protestant layman just what he himself subscribed to when he joined the church, and then ask him to quote the scriptural sanctions for his creed. It is easy to guess the probable nature of his response.

As for reasoned, detailed, substantiated support of the claim that the Catholic Church consciously encourages ignorance, try, as the vernacular has it, and get it. Ask almost any presumably well-informed anti-Catholic of your acquaintance what is going on these days in the great educational and social institutions of the Church of Rome. Ask him to give you a merely fragmentary list of important Catholic publications and their outstanding contributors. Inquire what he knows about leaders of Catholic thought in his own community. You doubtless know already what the chances are of getting an intelligent response. In fact, to ask of almost any Protestant what he knows about the present-day Catholic Church is, nine times out of ten, to draw either a complete blank, or some exaggerated, when not actually vituperative, generalizations.

I have often wondered how these people explain the entirely obvious fact that the public schools, state universities, secular colleges and technical institutions have thousands and thousands of Catholic students enrolled with the others, and granted the same privilege of research, investigation, and general accessibility to the codified knowledge of the world, and that they somehow remain Catholic after these academic adventures.

The answer is, of course, that the complainants don't explain it. Your anti-Catholic bigot is never, generally speaking, in a position to explain anything connected with his prejudice, for the reason that it never occurs to him to acquire an informational base of operations. Indeed, he makes a sort of virtue of the fact that he is uncontaminated by an intimate knowledge of the thing he condemns.

Of course a large part of the great anti-Catholic superstition rests upon the assumption, rarely either proved or disproved, that both the councils and the counsels of the Church are forever barred to outsiders. So they are, in every technically ecclesiastical sense, but it should, I think, be somehow made more plain that there is no more reason why an honestly inquiring Protestant should not visit and hold discussion with the ablest priest in his vicinity than why a Catholic should not feel at full liberty to ask information of a Protestant clergyman. All the chances are that the applicant in either case is due to meet with courtesy, and with a genuine human interest in his purpose such as are not in the exclusive custody of any one faith. And yet I know presumably sophisticated people who speak as though to enter a priest's house were to invite the visitation of nameless horrors vaguely associated with trapdoors and poison.

One other respect in which wholly unsportsmanlike lines are drawn between the parties of the first and second parts has to do with efforts at proselytization. The most restrained and tactful effort on the part of a priest to interest some non-Catholic in the Faith is cited as a felonious and sinister sign of the great popish plot to rope in converts after the manner of a giant octopus seizing and squeezing his prey. At the same time, inconsistently enough, it is regarded as not only beautiful but dutiful on the part of Protestant church-workers to gather in all and sundry possibilities, and to do it in any way that promises success.

It would, of course, be senseless to imply that the Catholic Church, on its side, is guiltless of bigotry, or to deny that it has a corresponding mass of unintelligently antagonistic feeling to answer for. My own experience has shown me a discouraging amount of it. But that is for the Catholics themselves to arraign and correct; it is because I happen to be a Protestant that I "speak that I do know" about the common Protestant attitude, and the strange fact that it is nearly always flaunted under the guise of superior enlightenment.

I cannot believe that Christian humanity will ever gather itself en masse under the aegis of one church. There is a distinctly non-Catholic type of mind and temperament which evolves along its own paths into true saintliness—and which could see nothing but darkness in the other camp, just as there is a beauty of holiness which belongs essentially to the Catholic heart and mind, and finds far too scanty nourishment in the non-prelatical pastures. But the extent and depth of mutual misunderstanding—a misunderstanding which grows, on occasion, into a malignant disease such as disfigured American history during the most recent presidential campaign—this, it seems to me, should be unnecessary, as it certainly is disgraceful, in a day when honest information is accessible.

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It is not through any special grace that I have been able to go and come through Catholic doorways official and unofficial, sacred and secular, without feeling either virtuously emancipated or hopelessly alien—the alternative attitudes, truth compels me to remark, of countless Protestants. I honestly have no prejudices in the matter. At the same time, the fact that I can thus go and come has brought me some very rich rewards. For one thing, I recognize in the priesthood an academic and philosophical outlook that is interestingly different from the type with which I early became familiar through the many contacts with Protestant clergy incidental to my background and training. This outlook can be a highly valuable ingredient of the social scene as such—I know I should miss it sorely were it to leave my own arena of socio-mental activity.

It also has been a valuable experience to come naturally by an insight into the fact that Catholics are freely and intelligently critical, on occasion, of their own Church, and to realize what scope it offers to varieties of intelligence, these being attributes which the antagonistic outsider absolutely refuses to concede. It is a prime article of the anti-Catholic belief that Rome dictates every mental, political and spiritual move, and that dire punishment falls upon any of the faithful who dare cavil at priest, bishop or pope.

On a nearby book-shelf stands a thin little black volume labeled Boardman on Romanism. Between its covers is a sermon preached by my grandfather, a gracious and saintly divine, back in the days when every clergyman in the presbytery of Philadelphia was expected to devote one discourse each year to an indictment of the Papacy and all it stood for. Close by hangs the author's portrait as it was painted by Rembrandt Peale, and it is hard to reconcile the sensitive beauty of the face with the stern temper of the sermon.

I have my own suspicion that if he had enjoyed my opportunities of visiting across the line, and of contemplating the adversary's spiritual face rather than his fighting front, he might have found some dignified way of compromising with the presbyterial injunction. I like to think so.

Feathers in a Case

Captured, neatly labeled, measured flange and spar,
"Nine inches, this"—no, never, ten thousand leagues, a star!
"Grey barred with white," ah silver, and dawn the hill has won.
The next, a dart of scarlet—what says the Brother Sun?
And here, curt designation, "down from a mother's breast,"
What eons will she brood there beneath the lilac crest?
Foam-white above its ticket, an arrow of the sea
That raced the flying spindrift, and shot triumphant, free—
This fell from mountain eagle—oh, storm and storm's surcease,
From that far height auroral, how looks eternal peace?

Feathers in a row, measured left to right—
Can you then span the morning? Where leads the deeps of night?

CHARLOTTE KELLOGG.

THE THEATRE QUEUE

By LOUIS GOLDING

WHENEVER I visit the theatre in any other city than London, I am aware of something lacking throughout the whole prosecution of the performance, however opulent, however brilliant. The cause of my unease eludes me from act to act; until at the very moment of climax, just when we learn that the gold-haired maiden did *not,* in point of fact, poison the vicar or that the vampire is to abandon all claims to the heart of the handsome young baritone—in that moment of climax, I say, I realize what is missing.

For when I go to the theatre in London, I stand in a queue for variable times before the performance starts, finding that the stalls and dress circle are not for such feckless wanderers as I. In New York, in Paris, in Cairo, I do not stand in a queue. They lead me to a box. In London, I stand in a queue.

You do not assume a black tie and a stiff shirt for the queue, which garments are all very well in their way; but for my part I prefer the dizzy chances of the queue to all the stalls' flamboyant monotony. Consider the contrast between the befeathered, the pearl-breastpinned queues at our Lyceum Theatre and the owl-eyed gentlemen that study the score of "Parsifal" until such time as Covent Garden shall throw open its doors. Consider the sallow typists from the south-eastern suburbs musing outside the Pavilion doors how Delysia is overrated, of the abandoned ecstasy with which they will flood her stage when, from the blear unknown, suddenly a hawk-beaked manager raises them to that, ah, sweet eminence.

With what studies in the mental pabula of the English race do the theatre queues provide us? Could *you* flush with passion over the Poulterers' Standard-bearer? Could *you* read, at a length of many columns, a learned disquisition upon Mr. Baker's chances of adding a millimetre to his high jump? But you will find not only the sad mind which methodically pursues its path from column to column of the evening paper, finding of equal importance the stablishment of empires, the erection of a new pump, the virtues of Dr. Pinkerton's Purple Pills; you will find also a meritorious youth at Gibbon's seventh volume.

But, let me confess, it is not my actual companions in the queue that absorb me so much as that strange fellowship of entertainers that float from theatre to theatre to hasten our slow-footed hours. I make the further confession that on many occasions the al fresco performers without the theatre doors have intrigued me far more than the conventional entertainers within. In the first place, of course, they take their labors far more seriously, they are not mere amateurs. To them entertainment is an austere vocation, not an amiable pastime. They have not been elected to their dignity because their teeth will advertise so well the All-In Tooth-Paste or because they were fives champions at Marlborough or because their brother-in-law is in the trade. How else could they be induced to venture, blackened, and in motley, through the scoffing streets; to hazard the London weathers; to outstare with no visible discomfort the policeman's hauteur?

The infinite variety of type and achievement that they present! Who, saving the poor exiles to stalls and dress circle, does not hail with delight the Negro minstrel descending like the god in the machine, from the impassive clouds, to demand "Ev'rybody 'appy?"—the first vowel a prolonged scream?

But when the rattle of his bone-blocks is no more heard, how cracked are those voices singing the deathless loyalty of (or is it towards?) Sweet Genevieve! Blind Tim is approach-

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ing with dull disks for eyes, and his wife, a shawl over her head, a solemn wise child staring across her shoulder, leads him by the hand. With what agility do the woman's compensating eyes scamper among our faces like ferrets in and out among rat-holes! Let the least sign of compassion relax your lips, and the teeth, as it were, of her necessity, have nipped your throat! Some there are in the queue who stiffen every sinew upon an iron preoccupation with their reading as soon as the clanking of her tin approaches! It is upon these that the eyes of that wise solemn child seem to settle for one moment of melancholy surprise. Now a sword-swallower approaches; now a strange musical pantechnicon. Not one muscle but controls some terrifying instrument. Cymbals, bassoons, drums, triangles, bagpipes—every music saving a cathedral organ's is within the compass of his mobile fingers, his ankles, shoulders, his very eyebrows. In rivalry with him a lady has appeared who is uttering a long and irrelevant oration that involves the title of every play the town has known for years.

But I am remembering now a man who, for a short period only, took round the theatres a boy of about fifteen, his son perhaps. The man swung a concertina, the boy played, with indignation and grief, the violin. They were both wearing what had once been expensive and well-cut clothes, but the father's betrayed every mark of carelessness, the boy's were pitifully well pressed and brushed. The man might long ago have been a poet, a scholar, anything; but his lips bore at once the indefinable shadow of some evil which had gripped him, and the forlorn traces of a battle in which he had been overcome. The boy it was who came round with the cap; and throughout the process he held his eyes shamefast on the ground, shuffling like a dotard on his young feet. Once, by some accident, he lifted his face and caught the compassionate stare of some honest citizen. The boy blushed, dropped his eyes, completed his task and disappeared like a stricken beast.

It is a decrepit, futile old man, as he seemed, who is more abiding in my memory. No one could have had a more exiguous equipment than he. Neither a flute nor burnt cork was his endowment, nor a sword to swallow—nothing but a walking-stick. For minutes he stood before the waiting crowd, lifting an arm, making passes with his stick, interjecting from time to time an unintelligible word. Or he would circle heavily on one foot, then strike again at an imaginary enemy. For a while we were faintly amused, then bored, then at last faintly indignant. By what right could he expect, for such small service rendered, our attentions and our coins? I was examining him with some interest, assuring myself that here was a worthy addition to my store of queue memories. Then of a sudden I found my eyes enchained by his. He held me with a grave scrutiny, heavy with wisdom. There was such power in his face that his presence seemed to fill the air enormously; the people round me, I amongst them, shrank into trivial manikins, posturing, gesticulating. He was the spectator, that terrible and aloof old man; we were the entertainers, performing our little tricks before this unimpassioned audience. He looked beyond us and beyond the theatre walls, beyond the foolish preparations for the puppet-show we were waiting to witness; he looked beyond the innumerable littlenesses of the metropolis, over the slope of the world into the heavens.

Dusk gloomed across my eyes. I heard a tramping and a tumult, and I could not know whether they came from the hollows of my own heart or from afar off, from the edges of space. . . . But now it was that the crowd began to press forward, to filter through the doors. I looked round for that old man with his walking-stick, but he was there no more.

SURMISE

By CHARLOTTE WILDER

SCENE: The Benediction of Fire, Saint-Jean-du-Doigt, Brittany.

The roads converging on Saint-Jean-du-Doigt have been smoking all day with the dust of cart and heel. From my hotel window I look down into the square, and notice, among the first comers to the festival, a small green house on wheels. It settles itself by the tavern, the door at the back opens and out fall a family of tow-haired children, who at once begin playing in the dust among the chickens of the yard. Blue smoke begins to rise from the tin chimney. The door opens again, and the father appears with an older girl; together they put up a merry-go-round with flying rings. Next it they set an open stand, stocked with candies, toys, candles of every length and those glass paperweights filled with water, having in them replicas of the Virgin and Child that are drowned in flying flakes when you shake them. The girl stays to tend the booth while her father saunters off for his wine.

I lean my elbows on the sill, and follow their every movement. Out from the cart comes the stout mother, lumbering backward down the steps, and dragging after her a basket of clothes. She speaks a word to little Henri, who promptly clambers up and disappears within the house. Then, going to the brink of a stream nearby, she begins slapping the garments on some stones; the water foams and grows white with suds.

People crowd through the square on their way to Mass, but this family continues its business, quite as though it were not conscious of being the initial incident, the indispensable accompaniment of all the pardons of the countryside.

In imagination, I follow the father into the tavern, to see the table, the boon companions, the bubbling wine. . . . They doubtless talk of harvests they have reaped, when there have been a favorable sun and no crop of insects to plague them; of drought, when the soil was but crumbs and crust, when everything green turned brown and everything brown cracked and split in shreds. One old fellow, in a dirty blue jacket, with a nose that twists one way and a mouth another, boasts of his brushwood brooms, stacked by the church gate, that sell for only a franc and clean a house as holy water cleans the heart—till both are ready for Sunday. A second peasant, his face a red button under a shock of red hair, empties his bottle while the others are sipping their glasses, and curses the calves that took so long in coming. He has them now—God be praised—stretched on their sides in a cart, their legs well tied together, and already bid for. A beggar comes whining in the door, and has a copper and an oath for his complaint. As the wine sinks in the tumblers, the mellow glow is heightened in the men.

The father is the most reticent of them—a man of affairs, a family man. He listens and scratches the back of his neck, giving no offence and taking none. When a drunken fellow bumps him in passing, he merely pulls in his feet, sets his glass straight, and wipes the bottom and sides of it dry with a red kerchief; then blows his nose like a horn. The church bells begin to ring, and at once they rise and saunter out. The door slams as they leave, but it bounds open again, and a cat, thin as a fagot, crawls in. The father stands a moment in the sunlight, looking both ways and up at the sky, sniffing the wind. Then he stuffs his kerchief back into his pocket, spits, and strolls toward the river. . . . "Marie!"

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In her, his wife, I see the heaviness of those same cares that make him sober; but whereas in him they lie not uncomfortably on his mind, in her they have passed through her body. Her hands, rough and red, with ragged nails, can roast a fowl or scour a pan; her shoulders are bowed to take any load flung over them. Though her face has not the lines and lights that mental agitation gives, her body works incessantly in perfect, self-initiated intelligence. The name "Marie" adheres to her like a petal to a granite menhir. She has doubtless passed it on to a daughter, and has grown herself to be a Marthe, a patient Griselda, waiting not on love, but on rest. But with it all, she is garrulous as a jay that must scold and chatter while it lives.

With her husband, she walks to the church, leaving the children, for this hour at least, to play outside. The girls shout, and toss their locks, and sit down when they least expect to. They stir up a heap of dry straw, chasing the bits as though they were rabbits, and fleeing from them as though they were wolves. A stolid boy sits on a wooden box in their midst and makes something with nails and string. When they bump against him, he only grunts, and facing in another direction, goes on with his work. The people moving toward the church must pick their way among them: the girls do not hear the chimes that fill the air, nor does the boy look up to see that flurry of straw and swallows.

I stare at them in unabashed content at being allowed to see so much, surmising their past and assigning to each a future. When the mother comes back, she herds the children before her into the cart; her husband and oldest girl come after, leaving a neighbor to tend the counter. The smoke begins pouring forth then, as though the stove within were incandescent with the energy of dinner-making. Such activity, beyond a doubt, means nothing less than that they are having crêpes to eat, served hot from the fire—brown, crisp films of batter, the pancakes of a fairy-tale, big as the moon when the moon is small as a pond.

But the curtained windows make their privacy complete. Some instinct leads me to turn my head suddenly to the right. A woman at another window in the hotel is staring at me so musingly that she is slow to recover herself. Then she pulls together her curtains, leaving me nothing for it but to close mine.

For a Young Girl

(*Drowned while sailing her pleasure boat.*)

So has the tide of life gone out this day
To leave marooned a small and gallant ship
Which found the sea so sweet, so blithe and gay;
Which felt upon her prow the sea's salt lip.

There was so much of ocean that was fair:
Birds on quick wing above her pointed mast;
And such elixir in the sparkling air,
And such caresses when the wavelets passed!

The shore was lovely, too. The distant beach
Was like a strip of gold against the sun.
There was that blue, forever out of reach;
There were so many channels to be run!

The tide has ebbed. How gentle is the sand
Cradling a ship which never loved the land.

ELSPETH O'HALLORAN.

COMMUNICATIONS

OUR ERROR

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—A journal which is so highly regarded in the Churchman office as The Commonweal will, I am sure, wish to correct an error in its leading editorial of the issue of July 2, 1930. In dealing with the case of Dr. Selden P. Delany, The Commonweal quotes, apparently with approval, an editorial from the Churchman, but adds: "that this comment is not wholly laudatory, however, follows from a public statement made by the Churchman's editor, the Reverend Dr. Alexander C. Cummins, who criticized Dr. Delany's use of 'Roman practices, ornaments and paraphernalia,' accused him, etc."

Dr. Cummins is not the editor of the Churchman. The error was originally made, apparently, on the copy desk of the New York Times, where some one misread "Chronicle" for "Churchman." Dr. Cummins is editor of the Chronicle, a monthly journal published in Poughkeepsie.

GUY EMERY SHIPLER.

We sincerely regret this error, primarily because it is inexcusable. Having long since enjoyed the fine journal which Mr. Shipler edits, only the haste which makes waste led us to pass the error by which the New York Times assigned Dr. Cummins to the Churchman.—The Editors.

PEACE IN INSTALMENTS

Dorchester, Mass.

TO the Editor:—Peace in Instalments, an interesting Commonweal editorial, April 16, contains these words: "British imperialism, for instance, is something which a hundred Leagues of Nations could not hope to regulate."

With regard to the present League, that statement is true, but why "pick on" *British* imperialism? Your statement should be expanded to include every imperialism, and a reason furnished, namely, that the power of the League is now actually centralized in the imperialists, so that they might hold a whip-hand over the little fellows, and not, as needs to be, the other way around.

Your "hundred Leagues" means of course a series of attempts to cure admitted defects: to find, if possible, a league which "could hope to regulate" any and every imperialism. To deny the possibility of such a league is to take counsel of despair. A way out must be found, because the two things which the longed-for "Brotherhood of Nations" needs to possess are, both the intention and the strength to regulate imperial outlawry: an outlawry which denies the equality of sovereignties and which violates the rights, titles and boundaries of neighbor nations. This is the test of efficiency in international coöperation. Better no league at all than one which perpetuates injustices by guaranteeing immunities to the chief offenders.

But cheer up! A way will yet be found, one which shall of necessity consider big banking, big business and all other "humdrum business facts," not in order to yield control to them, but that they also may be regulated according to what is just. For there is, as there must be, somewhere the moral right "to fix the limits within which a nation's (or an individual's) business and financial ambitions must be content to reside." To deny this is to admit economic determinism as the supreme fact and the supreme law of human life.

CHRISTOPHER I. FITZGERALD.

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"ROMAN CATHOLIC"

Millbrook, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—I note in The Commonweal, June 25, the letter of Mr. W. L. Scott, quoting Mr. Belloc's comment in the March Atlantic Monthly on my use of the term "Roman Catholic" in my article to which Mr. Belloc was replying. In the May Atlantic I replied to Mr. Belloc's strictures, calling attention to the fact that before the machinations of the Westminster crown lawyers, Pope Pius IV, in what is sometimes called his creed, gave the official title of his Church as the "Catholic and Apostolic Roman Church." This was immediately after the Council of Trent. The title, as promulgated by Pope Pius IV, is now used officially by his Church.

The Pope's decree seems to indicate that the use of the word "Roman" is not meaningless or opprobrious if it follows the word "Catholic." Is it so only when it precedes that word?

In my use of the term "Roman Catholic" I intended no discourtesy. The Commonweal would do well to make known American opinion in the matter. No fairminded controversialist would use a term which his opponents considered meaningless or opprobrious, once they could be assured in that respect by due authority.

CHARLES C. MARSHALL.

Boston, Mass.

TO the Editor:—I am an Anglican, what in the United States we call an Episcopalian. The whole educated world knows that this unfortunate title was adopted after the severance of the British tie.

I have read with interest the letter of W. L. Scott on the terms "Catholic" and "Roman Catholic." Many good Christians feel that they must use the term "Roman Catholic" for conscience sake. For they hold that the unity of the Catholic Church is broken—and that there are several bodies which are indeed Catholic. To do otherwise is to imply that they are castaways, that they have lost the fundamentals: the creed, the priesthood, the sacraments and the Holy Scriptures.

In the Anglican communion, there are thousands of men and women well versed in history who out of the welter of hate and blood of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries see or feel that they see the Church of England emerge scarred and impoverished, but still Catholic in all essentials. To these, believing as they do, the concession of the one word that implies universality to one communion alone is a direct refutation of history and of fact. I believe that there are very few who intend any discourtesy or who are misled by lack of charity, and that there are thousands who look back with longing hearts to the great ages when the Church was one and undivided, before the holy spell was broken.

F. A. REEVE.

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Being an earnest and frequent reader of Communications in The Commonweal I well know that it is not a question bureau. However, the scintillating interest that Mr. Gilmore's article in the May 28 issue aroused urges me to place this letter in interrogatory form.

W. L. Scott senses the opprobrium heaped upon adherents to the Catholic Church when they are referred to as "Roman Catholics." Mr. Scott proceeds to attest that " . . . in the catechism of the Council of Trent, the Church's official statement of doctrine, the term Roman Catholic never once appears. . . ."

In the following issue, July 2, appears John R. Cody's statement "the historic fact is that Pope Pius IV promulgating the decrees of the Council of Trent, November 13, 1564, solemnly designated his Church as the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Roman Church." It seems obvious, then, that the historic remarks of Mr. Scott and Mr. Cody at once conflict.

To the mind of the writer the appellation *"Roman* Catholic" is odious—for reasons never accounted for. It would be much appreciated if an answer to this question were offered.

A. R. K.

MORE "DOTING"

Arlington, Mass.

TO the Editor:—You will be interested, I am sure, in the latest issue of the Mercury. We were all highly amused, you will remember, when, a few years ago, the Mercury was holding up to ridicule the "morons" of the Bible belt, the Methodists and Baptists of the South. I wonder if we find it just as amusing now to have the Mercury giving place to an article on Catholic seminary life which makes fun of the most sacred beliefs and practices of the Catholic Church.

Mr. Mencken in his anti-moron mood was looked upon by some of us Catholics as being a sort of non-Catholic champion of the Catholic Church—another Brann, another Windle—and his magazine as being in the same class as the Iconoclast, or even The Commonweal itself. But now see how he turns on the hands that patted him!

The truth is, of course, that to the smart aleck school of unbelievers all forms of faith look more or less alike; and Catholics whose faith is in many respects just as fundamentalist as that of the morons aforesaid can expect from such writers preferential treatment only as long as it pleases the writers to give it. The teachings that Mencken sneers at either directly in his own editorials or indirectly in the articles he prints from other writers are common to all Christians. Catholics should feel affronted just as much as Protestants at the Mercury's treatment of them. But some of us cannot see this. So long as the attack is directed against the Methodist and Baptist morons we cannot sense the implied thrust at ourselves.

For saying something like this in your columns once before, and for making a prediction, by the way, which this month's Mercury fulfils, I have been held up to scorn recently by a correspondent of yours from some place far from Boston—Los Angeles, I believe. The gentleman accuses me of the awful crime of "doting on Baptists and Methodists."

Will you give me the chance to say that the gentleman does not go far enough? If "doting" means a desire to give all people regardless of their religion a square deal; if "doting" means trying to be courteous in religious controversy no matter what may be the provocation to be otherwise; if "doting" means trying to do what Our Blessed Lord commanded us to do, and what the Church continually teaches us to do, namely to love our neighbor, our neighbor being, according to the catechism which I studied in my youth, "all mankind, even those who injure us or differ from us in religion"—if "doting" means all this, then the gentleman stops short of the truth, for I "dote" not only upon Baptists and Methodists but upon Episcopalians, Holy Jumpers, Jews, Mohammedans, Buddhists and all the rest of those who are the "other sheep" outside the fold of the one true Church. These I would fain bring into the Church by understanding and helping. These I "dote" upon, trying to do it in the spirit of Christ and His Church, toward the end that they all may be one.

DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

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BOOKS

Uncaptured Chaucer

The Canterbury Tales, by Geoffrey Chaucer; translated into modern English verse by Frank Ernest Hill. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $3.50.

IT IS true, I think—regrettably so—that Chaucer's poetry is caviar to the general. If an excellent poetic translation helps to bring Chaucer more admirers, Mr. Hill's book will perform the double service of increasing Chaucer's reputation with the ordinary man and of giving pleasure to a reader who for the first time on turning the pages of Dan Chaucer beholds the exquisite artistry, the amazing genius for spinning yarns, the humor and gentle irony interwoven with tenderness, the sane and imperturbable observations on man, his manners and his actions, and the robustness and mellow heartiness of one whom the human comedy in all its phases fascinated and rejoiced. There is no English poet of a bygone age who is more modern in spirit and accomplishment; in the Well of English undefiled are waters of perennial youth; age cannot wither Alys, nor Criseyde nor Madam Eglantyne; from countenance and character Time has withheld his touch. And, hidden behind these characters of his and screened from view, is Chaucer himself, the inscrutable, the unknown and enigmatic.

> "For, with a veile that wimpled euery where,
> [His] head and face was hid, that mote to none appear."

Perhaps for this, and because he had no ax to grind, whether of art or of philosophy, because he had no special doctrine to impart, no program of reform and uplift, because he had the modesty bequeathed alone to Shakespeare that prevents our ever glimpsing from behind the puppets the real man of affairs, the courtier, soldier, diplomat, friend of princes, student of the Inner Temple, a married man with wife and children, an amateur astrologer and (to his sorrow) dabbler in alchemy—perhaps, because behind the facts of his life as behind the faces of his literary creations we yet cannot see the real man, readers of whatever creed or school repair to him, as to Shakespeare, when out of tune wth all other poets and their moods and their theories, for solace and amusement, for refreshment spiritual and intellectual, for emotional outlet, and for the sheer joy which comes in contemplating the highest art.

And so I welcome Mr. Hill's translation; I hope it is but an earnest of things to come and that we shall soon have from his hands a complete rendition of The Canterbury Tales, so that all who will may read it complete, or as complete as Chaucer left it. After all, the Knight, the Prioress and the Pardoner exist not so much for the stories they tell as for the newer light and understanding which their stories shed upon their own traits and personalities and upon the traits and personalities of their fellows as they react to the story told. Chaucer, the Balzac of English poets, is primarily interested in the drama of his Pilgrimage, sparing no pains to exhibit its members four-square to all the winds.

Mr. Hill is a poet in his own right, and if there must be a "translation" of Chaucer, he is one to do it acceptably. But, unhappily, the antique song, the mellifluous melody that ravishes the ear on reading Chaucer, cannot be recaptured; and Chaucer wrote for auditors, not readers. His pronunciation is not ours; the sounds of his vowels are not ours, nor do we hear his final "e," softening and smoothing and lending a magical lilt to the numbers. This, of a surety, is no reflection upon Mr. Hill; Franck cannot recapture Vittoria, nor Gounod St. Gregory. A real appreciation of Chaucer's music can be had only by reading Chaucer, a reading which, after all, does not involve much labor. Moreover, modern speech can often disguise and not always render the meaning of Chaucer's. "And she went smiling, innocent and coy" is not the equivalent of "That of hir smylyng was ful symple and coy," where "coy" means merely "quiet"—she didn't guffaw as did the good wife Alys. Nor is

> "A Knight there was, and that a noble man,
> Who from the earliest time when he began
> To ride forth, loved the way of chivalry,
> Honor and faith and generosity,"

quite the same as:

> "A Knyght ther was, and that a worthy man,
> That, fro the tyme that he first bigan
> To riden out, he loved chivalrie,
> Trouthe and honour, fredom and curteisie,"

where "worthy" means "distinguished," or "notable" (as in "noteworthy"); "freedom" is properly rendered "generosity," but "curteisie," which means "elegance of courtly deportment," has been dropped from the translation. However, in spite of these and similar handicaps in almost every line of the original, Mr. Hill's translation is surprisingly accurate. It is good verse; it runs smoothly; it keeps the verve and rapidity of the narratives. His volume, beside an appreciative essay on Chaucer, includes the Prologue, the courtly romance of the Knight, the lovely miracle of Our Lady (singularly happy in its modern dress) told by the Prioress, the rollicking mock-heroic of the Nun's Priest, and the terrifying exemplum of the Pardoner. It also contains a shortened version of the Book of the Duchesse and a few lyrics, among them a ballad from the Legend of Good Women and a roundel from the Parlement of Foules. The book, moreover, is attractive in appearance and is charmingly illustrated in black-and-white by Hermann Rosse.

CORTLANDT VAN WINKLE.

Don Juan Humanized

Byron, by André Maurois. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. $5.00.

ONE requires but a matter of recent biographies of Byron to realize how heterogeneous a man's "life" can become after his death. Surely if Byron were to open his eyes on the situation, he would rub them vigorously. He has been reflected in every complimentary and uncomplimentary color of the rainbow, ranging from resplendent godliness to black archfiendness.

André Maurois happily strikes a medium. He does not consider Byron an angel; neither does he consider him the rake Lady Byron's descendants would have him. He shows the faults and the merits of the man, uninflated. Certainly he has done Byron no injustice. At times, one feels that he has even done him more than justice. Thus it may be correct to present Byron as a half-sinner. But is it proper to present him so often as a man who was not responsible for his acts? Byron's moral responsibility was no doubt lightened by ignorance and disadvantageous contact with the world but hardly to the extent that Maurois figures.

But, even if Maurois too freely uses ignorance and worldly contact to dispel the moral responsibility of Byron, he should, to a certain extent, use them both, especially the latter. From earliest youth Byron was affected by unfavorable environments.

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First, it was his Scotch nurse, Mary Gray, who used to tell him "how the Gordons had murdered and had been hanged and drowned"; then it was his school teacher who was too sternly melancholic; then it was his mother who spent much of her time venting on him other than maternal feelings, in one instance, hurling the "shovel and tongs" at his head; then it was his prudish wife, Annabella Millbanke, who committed the mistake of marrying him; then it was the public that incontinently worshiped at his feet; and so forth.

One can hardly fail to notice the similarity of treatment as exhibited in Disraeli and Byron. In the first, Maurois saw a Disraeli who wore a mask in public to hide his inner personality. Outwardly Disraeli was a cynic, inwardly he was an impenitent "romantique" until the day of his death. Maurois sees in Byron the same complexity. Behind the Byron who paraded in aloofness and scorn there lurked the "inner Byron." Byron was a "sentimentalist" at heart, says Maurois, and "in his intelligence, he was Voltairean but the recesses of his spirit were deeply imbued with a Calvinism."

Because this biography is longer than the biography of Disraeli and because it is decked in a more demagogic style, it is capable of being accused of an attempt to introduce Ludwigan commercialism and will be so accused by those on the lookout for such imitation. There is no evidence, however, that Maurois allowed such distracting thoughts to influence him. He has put his art first and given us, on the whole, a worthwhile biography.

W. McRae Fawcett.

Jesuit and Huron

Donjon of Demons, by Benedict Fitzpatrick. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $3.00.

THE numerous volumes of the Jesuit Relations, compilations of letters from the earliest French Jesuits among the Indians, are not uniformly exciting, but the reader is apt suddenly to find himself face to face with characters and events and incidents which set him wondering what manner of men these Jesuits were who were able to regard experiences so extraordinary as everyday happenings in their lives. Benedict Fitzpatrick has directly taken some of the most powerful chapters of the Jesuit story and woven them into a tale surely as thrilling as any ever told. It is based on the Jesuit mission to the Hurons, of which the famous Father Jean de Brébeuf was monarch and Ajax, the most striking drama of success and failure in all the accounts of Jesuit missions.

The story is in its essence a romance of character and adventure woven around the life and work and tribulations and amazing death of Brébeuf in the Huron country, then held to be the end of the world and inhabited by the five potent Huron nations, distributed in over twenty-five forest palisaded towns. We are first introduced to the thunder of Sieur de Champlain's guns at Quebec in 1633 and the return of Brébeuf and the Commander from France with 200 Frenchmen. We are given a vivid picture of the great fleets of savage canoes descending the St. Lawrence from the realms of the setting sun to greet Champlain, and the conclaves that followed with their flow of savage rhetoric.

And then we follow Brébeuf and his companions paddling their canoes up the cataracts from Quebec to the Huron forests. There amid the smoke, insects, clamor and fires of the Huron cabins, we are at once in the heart of the drama, that after repeated failure and ultimate glowing success was to end in an immense catastrophe. The shadow of the Iroquois falls

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athwart every chapter. He plays the part of implacable destroyer alike of Brébeuf and his companions, the Jesuit mission and the great Huron confederacy.

The figure of the marvelous Brébeuf is paramount from beginning to end, walking in the midst of mortal peril with an enchanted life. He was feared by Huron and Iroquois alike as sorcerer and demon-god and the author of all their woes, with no warrior brave enough to touch a hair of his head, and finally by his sublime patience and power he overcame all and turned the Huron country, till then a stronghold of the demons, into a land of grace and gentleness of manner and speech that would have done credit to a country steeped in civilization for a thousand years. There are chapters almost too heart-rending to be borne, but of which the reader will not dare to miss a word, and one will turn in wonder from the Indians to the Jesuits, and back again, marveling at the humor, the stoicism, the lurking menace, the eerie life of the forest, the tremendous resorces of endurance and recuperation alike in the untamed and the disciplined heart of man.

The book closes with the scenes attending the capture and martyrdom at St. Louis and St. Ignace of Father Brébeuf and Father Lallemant, pictures of passion and suffering perhaps unsurpassed in Christian annals. Proud indeed may the Catholic Church and the Jesuit Order be that they have been able to produce characters so nearly incomparable in fortitude and valor and angelic beauty. Benedict Fitzpatrick's highly wrought style, often praised, has never shown to better advantage.

CARMEL O'NEILL HALEY.

Modern Melody

An Hour with American Music, by Paul Rosenfeld. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $1.00.

Music: 1900-1930, by Alfred J. Swan. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. $1.25.

MR. ROSENFELD'S "hour" with American music is easily the most profitable hour one could spend if even mildly curious about the importance of music as a creative force in America. Not that one could do more in one hour than merely read, for Mr. Rosenfeld is a sensitive recorder of the creative pulse and has something original and provocative to say—where your average musicoligist rarely says anything.

This chart of American musical expression is all modern, as indeed "American music" is a premature—almost a precipitous—term. It is a slender book, made up of articles selected from monthly causeries which appeared in the Dial. It was a happy thought to give them more general circulation, and just as happily the author has polished his "Dialese" into more serviceable English.

The book is really much better than its opening article—Jazz and Music: Music in America—wherein the critic banishes jazz from the high estate of capital M music—so-called "serious music." Says Mr. Rosenfeld: "American music is not jazz. Jazz is not music." Not even music! This is like the position of those biochemists who pronounced death on followers of a certain potato diet, only to learn that the Irish peasantry flourished in longevity upon it—and then after many years of reinvestigation came the announcement from these same dieticians of the isolation of something or other in the potato that set up the desired anti.

It is in the chapters discussing figures in American musical history—MacDowell, Loeffler and Ornstein down to Carl Ruggles and Edgar Varese—that we get some real sustenance from this work. American musical history is a very depressing and

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dull affair at best (to date) but Mr. Rosenfeld is one critic whose discrimination is not dwarfed by considerations of patriotism. He is one of the all too few critics who have expressed themselves sensibly on the significant contributions of Ruggles and Varese.

Music: 1900-1930 is from The New Arts series edited by Philip N. Youtz. Mr. Swan is known as a Scriabin authority, and this book can be profitably thumbed by anyone enthusiastic about the Russian mystic's music, the consideration of which is the salient feature of the book. But Scriabin is hardly the salient feature of music from 1900 to 1930, nor is Medtner, Rachmaninoff, nor Russia in geenral. When he deigns to consider the men who have contributed so immeasurably to the musical fund during the twentieth century he is very unsympathetic, finding Schoenberg and Stravinsky "destructive forces" and Bartok irritable. Which, by way of comment, is just too bad.

WALTER V. ANDERSON.

Lady-in-Waiting

Things Past, by the Duchess of Sermoneta. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $5.00.

VICTORIA COLONNA, Duchess of Sermoneta, was lady-in-waiting to the Queen of Italy, and is a descendant of one of Italy's oldest families, the history and records of which reach back through many incidents and stormy times of Italian history. In spite of this historic lineage, there is in this volume of memoirs a somewhat pronounced love of her English blood, introduced through the connection with the Locke family of England. The volume recounts her joy at the frequent visits during the London season and her pleasure in seeing her English kinfolk. But this is in marked contrast with her record of the world war in which trivialities abound.

Her descriptions of diplomatic life in Rome are interesting and illuminating, especially the paragraphs dealing with the Austrian embassy before and after the arrival of the Prince Lichtenstein.

Throughout the volume there is ample evidence that the Duchess liked to move from party to party and enjoyed society, in which because of her stately figure she was a favorite. Apparently she did not realize the seriousness of the times in which she lived. The two Balkan Wars, the Turkish-Italian War, the constant friction in the Mediterranean area all seem to escape her notice. Though the correspondence with Mr. Marion Crawford is interesting and full of charming comment on life and things in general, as well as hints on how to avoid literary errors, there is little given to the reader of what the authoress herself thought and wrote.

The relief in the volume is provided by the sparkling sense of humor possessed by the Duchess. There is displayed a broad sympathy with life, remarkable in one who lived within the aristocratic fold, in which she was for years the reigning beauty. There are sidelights upon the verbal sparrings within the Italian family, and descriptions of the family meal, with its Bolognese sausage seasoned with garlic, which are as humorous as they are vivid.

It is these flashing pen-portraits which decorate the book, which really lift it out of the level of the insignificant, so that one can sympathize with Robert Hichens in his foreword when he says: "I have become afraid of memoirs. In these voluble days, babes and sucklings, who know nothing of life, sit down to tell on paper all about the feelings and events in the lives of babes and sucklings."

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Briefer Mention

The Diary of Tolstoy's Wife: 1891-1897; translated by Alexander Werth. New York: Brewer and Warren, Incorporated. $3.50.

WHATEVER manner of woman the Countess Tolstoy may have been (and argument regarding the matter will never reach an end), it is certain she was an accomplished diarist. This record, an earlier volume of which received more attention simply because Lyova was then more widely read throughout the world than now, seems the only feminine journal which can be said to rival Amiel. Fated to spend her last years in quiet abnormal circumstances, embittered by the constant duel with her husband, sometimes petty and sometimes really superb, the Countess was nevertheless always the romantic housewife of an excessively romantic genius. The book is a personal and Russian document of the first order. It is the product of an earth-bound, aspiring, sacrificial, wise, silly woman whose supreme achievement was that happiness never equaled, for her, contentment.

The Masterful Monk, by Owen Francis Dudley. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $2.00.

THERE is no question about Father Dudley's possessing at least one of the indisputable qualifications of a fictioneer—he can write a book in which things happen, and keep on happening. This novel has the drive of action which gives it a sustained hold on the interest often lacking in works of much realer artistic pretensions. It deals with contemporary English society, and is frankly polemic. We see its hero, Brother Anselm, as a triple deus ex machina, scotching a gigantic anti-Catholic plot, bringing back into the Church a beautiful and wilful girl, and turning a boy from an imaginary religious vocation to a happy marriage. The characterization, though rapid and not subtle, is accurate enough to heighten sympathy and interest. The Masterful Monk is not first-rate realism, but it combines the sound and often exciting eluicidations of a skilful apologist with the inventiveness of a born entertainer.

Mr. Pim, by A. A. Milne. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $2.50.

THE success of Mr. Pim Passes By, both on the English and American stage, has inspired Mr. Milne to publish it as a novel with a split title. The process has involved considerable padding which, although it rounds out the characters, detracts from the fresh whimsicality of the stage version. The book, however, emerges as entertaining light reading.

CONTRIBUTORS

DOROTHY DAY, who has taught school in Mexico, is the author of several novels.

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ELSPETH O'HALLORAN will include this poem in her first volume, Strange Truth, to be published in the fall.

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